to ensure fidelity.
A beer bottle filled
with hand-drawn soap,
a specificity—
a description of your life,
beliefs, present work,
weight and height;
declarations of love
which I accepted,
overlooking how I disguised
my real motivations—
a desire to keep
some dick at home
and love it as best I can.

I was on duty to your madness
like a night nurse
in a cancer ward.
Not one alarm went off
as I laid with you, Succubus.
I've dreamed of you
standing outside my soul
beneath a freakish tree,
stroking your dick
which is longer
in the dream, but I,
unable to be moved
and enchanted,
rebuke you.
I vomit up your snake
and hack it to pieces,
laughing as I strike.

No, I was not
your pussy,
she would be

your dead wife.
I believe you
dispatched her soul
or turned her into a cat.
I was your man lover,
gambling dangerously
with my soul.
I was determined to love you
but you were haunted
by Vietnam,
taunted by demons.
In my arms you dreamed
of tropical jungles,
of young village girls
with razors embedded in their pussies,
lethal chopsticks
hidden in their hair,
and their nipples clenched
like grenade pins
between your grinding teeth.
You rocked and kicked
in your troubled sleep,
as though you were fucking
one of those dangerous cunts,
and I was by your side,
unable to hex it away,
or accept that peace
means nothing to you,
and the dreams you suffer
may be my only revenge.

IV

It was an end to masturbation.
That's what I was seeking.